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Church Club of New York

Addresses made at the dinner in honor of...

[New York]

[1919?]

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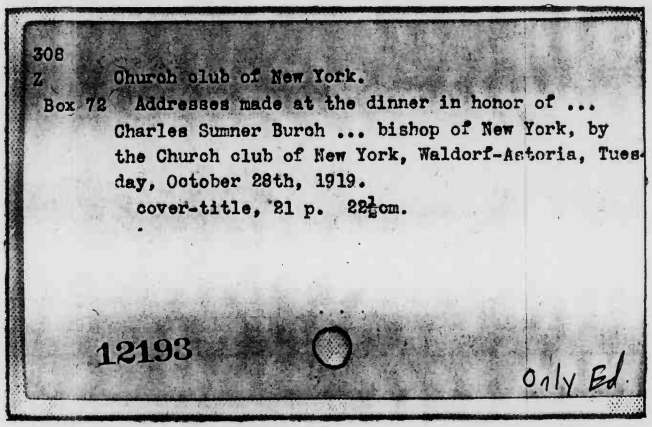
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ADDRESSES

MADE AT THE

DINNER IN HONOR OF

THE RIGHT REVEREND
CHARLES SUMNER BURCH, D. D.
BISHOP OF NEW YORK

BY THE

Church Club of New York

WALDORF-ASTORIA

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, 1919

SPEAKERS

HENRY L. HOBART
President of the Church Club, Presiding

The Right Rev. CHARLES H. BRENT, D. D.
Bishop of Western New York

THE VENERABLE HUDSON STUCK
Archdeacon of Alaska

The Right Rev. EDWIN S. LINES, D. D.
President of the Province of
New York and New Jersey

STEPHEN BAKER
Vice President of the Church Club of New York

The Right Rev. CHARLES SUMNER BURCH, D. D.
Bishop of New York

TERTIUS NOBLE, M. A.
at the Organ

24 March, 1920 - C.R.W.

ADDRESSES

Coronation March.
Grace.
Mr. Henry L. Hobart, Presiding.
MR. HOBART: I wish to read the following letter:

"House of Bishops,
"Detroit, Michigan,
"Oct. 24, 1919.

"Mr. H. L. Hobart, President,
"The Church Club of New York,
"New York City.

"My dear Sir:

"I have received your kind invitation to be present at the reception dinner proposed to be given by your Church Club to the Right Reverend Charles Sumner Burch, D.D., to celebrate his installation as the Bishop of New York.

"I am exceedingly sorry that urgent duties at home preclude my acceptance.

"Will you kindly allow me to send from afar my cordial congratulations to the officers and people of the Diocese of New York and my loving good wishes and Godspeed to Bishop Burch?

"I was born and grew to manhood in the Diocese of New York. I was confirmed by Bishop Wainwright, and I was a Presbyter under Bishop Horatio Potter when made Bishop in 1876. My heart's love and my church loyalty have never withdrawn themselves from your Diocese. And I am greatly rejoiced that to the names of its noble Bishops of the past,—Hobart, and Potter, and Greer,—is to be added now the name of one who has shown himself 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.'

"May I beg you to give to him the expression of my love and the assurance of my prayers?

"Faithfully and gratefully yours,
"Daniel S. Tuttle,
"Presiding Bishop."

MR. HOBART: The members of the Church Club of New York and their guests welcome this evening the Bishop of New York, wishing for him every blessing and pledging him unqualified support in the great work of this diocese. We know him well—how he has been for years the very right hand of our beloved Bishop Greer, always unassuming but ever alert to any call made upon him, our friend, everyone's helpful friend, active in his sympathy, most gracious, most lovable. And now that he is our Bishop, the Bishop of New York, we rejoice in the opportunity of joining in the celebration of his installation which began this morning with the impressive service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. We ask the President of the Province to express the glad welcome that comes from each one of us,—The Bishop of Newark.

SPEECH OF RIGHT REVEREND EDWARD LINES, D.D., BISHOP OF NEWARK

Mr. President and Friends:

I suppose I am called in to speak especially for your neighbors in a welcome to Bishop Burch into the position which he takes at this time, and I am sure that I may speak for all my brethren and for all the church people around about you in assuring him of our affectionate regard and of our best wishes that his work may be prospered and that under him this great diocese of New York may go on to even larger work than has marked its record hitherto.

He has come to his place through faithful and devoted service. He has won a place in the hearts and in the regard of the people whom he has served so faithfully during these years that are passing, so we may all feel that his choice for this great position was altogether natural and we may all rejoice in what has come to him.

He has always been friendly and neighborly and kindly in his treatment of all of those about. He has been not only interested in the work of his own diocese; but I am sure that all of us who have worked with him or have been associated with him in any way have felt that he was interested in our work also; and we are interested in his work as well, and we may believe that we may go on working together, feeling that it is all one work, whether here in the great diocese of New York or in the dioceses around about; and may I not join with all of you who are here to-night—such a representative gathering of the diocese of New York—to appreciate the great blessing and opportunity which comes to you.

The Church in this country must look to you for leadership; the country has in all its new work, through its missionary Bishops and those who represent so many forms of work, looked to you for support. I suppose it has been to many of the rectors and people of the diocese rather hard to feel that they are being drawn upon so constantly for all parts of the work in the Church; but we need not only the financial support which you have given, throughout the Church, but we need your leadership in spiritual things also.

And I cannot overestimate, I am sure, the importance of the position which the Diocese of New York shall take in dealings with all the great questions of Church life and policy which are before us.

My memory goes back—although I did not live in the diocese—beyond the memory of most of those who are gathered here, in the life of the diocese, remembering a generation ago, when Dr. Cook was at St. Bartholomew's, Dr. Morgan at St. Thomas', Dr. Peters at St. Michael's, Dr. Dix at Trinity, Dr. Potter at Grace Church, Dr. Tyng at St. George's, Dr. Washburn at Calvary, Dr. Thompson was at the old Grace Church, and they were all outstanding men, and John Cotton Smith at the Ascension,—and I have not named all of them—familiar names to some of the older men here, but not to the new generation; and they did great work in their time and gave to our Church here in the City of New York a commanding place; and those into whose care it has fallen now must appreciate that they have a great inheritance in which to rejoice and a

great responsibility to meet. And will you not all receive the exhortation to stand strong and devoted and faithful under the leadership of your new Bishop?

Two of the Bishops who have served you in recent years I knew fairly well and had for them great respect and regard: Bishop Potter and Bishop Greer; and I am among those who mourn most sincerely for the going from us of Bishop Greer. We came to our places of work at the same time, and so we sat close together in the Conventions and marched together in the processions. He was always most kindly, and I shall always remember him with great gratitude; and so I bear my testimony to those whom I have known who have labored with you here.

I am not called upon to do more than say a few words of welcome to the Bishop in the name of his neighbors and those who are working round about him. I wish I could speak to you, in bearing testimony concerning the General Convention which has just adjourned; for I feel that if you did know for what that Convention stood and what it did, it would be an encouragement and an inspiration to you all as you take up your work in your own dioceses and your own parishes.

I have been at fifteen General Conventions, and I am sure that this one which has now just adjourned is the largest, most vigorous, and most hopeful of them all. (Applause.)

I think we all looked forward to the meeting of the General Convention with something of anxiety. We knew that more was expected of it than was likely to be accomplished. We knew that great questions were coming up, upon which there was a divided opinion, and I think that, as the days ran their course, we all felt that there was a spirit of unity and good will in both houses which made it seem strange to think that there could be any division among us which was of a very serious character, or which threatened the welfare of the Church in any way.

There are two or three of the acts of that Convention which are very marked, very noteworthy. We have now, through the choice of a central executive committee, a central body to act for this Church—we had no head before—so established as to act for the Church between the meetings of the General Convention; and now, in the formation of that council, given authority to create departments and to have charge of the general work of the Church, we have an instrument for expressing the mind of the Church such as we had not before; and I think that that is a great gain.

Now there is a responsible body which can speak for the Church in between General Conventions. There is a movement towards what we have—those who have been most faithful about the work of the Church, I think, have been deeply interested in,—towards a feeling of,—*the* feeling of a National Church. In our dioceses, our parishes have been bound rather loosely together, to make a diocese, and we have been too parochial in our thinking, and then the dioceses have been rather loosely bound together to make the Church—the American Church, as I like to call it—the Episcopal Church in the United States; and we have had our own separate interests, and have not done what is called the very best team work, and there has been a strong sense of independence, of diocesan independence, which could not be interfered with, and now we have come in sight of something larger and finer, of the development

of the sense of a National Church, and this Convention has taken a decided step forward towards the realization of that ideal. (Applause.)

A National Church which shall deal in a National way with great questions like missions and religious education and social service and such special forms of duty as care for the seamen and for the newcomers and for the colored people. We are in better position than ever before to take hold of these great questions, giving the Church an opportunity to find itself and express its mind.

But now don't think that because of this new organization, everything is going to be plain. There have been, in the old forms of organization, in the Boards of Missions, and of religious education, and of social service, and in the thought for our colored schools, and many other forms of activity, things which have appealed to people in special ways. People have had a personal sense of obligation and interest in all these forms of work, and we can't afford to part company with that personal interest in all these different activities. You can't make a machine, or form an organization which shall be impersonal, and gather up and carry on all the influences which set the Church forward in these various ways in times that are past; and so let us give to this new organization, when it shall be perfected, that personal interest which the forms of activity in the past have had. Don't let us trust merely to a new organization which has been made. We must not get the personal element out of any form of church work, or it will fail and suffer.

And then I rejoice—perhaps I differ from some of you—in the attitude which the Church has taken towards Christian people who express a desire to come into closer relations with us. (Applause.) I confess that my heart sank when we sent down—sent across—I don't say "down" —take that word back—(laughter) sent across to the House of Deputies our resolutions concerning the people who are knocking at our doors, for I thought that again we were hedging, we were saying we could not do some things, because it was unconstitutional, and what did the great people of this country care about the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church, or understand about it, any way? And then some of them were saying, we will wait until the Lambeth Council meets, and we will see what the rest of the Anglican communion is disposed to do; and so we were putting it off, and finding an excuse for not doing much of anything; and then there came back those resolutions, greatly improved, with a more kindly spirit in them, and expressing a sense for the desire for unity, and a willingness to do something, to bid welcome to those who desire to come and have a closer relationship with us.

I had the impression—I exercised my privilege as a Connecticut man of guessing (laughter)—I guessed that out of your own delegation there came one who did good work (applause) to improve the position of our Church in that matter, so that we stand in a much better position to-day—and I have not been told so—he didn't say anything to me about it—but I rather think that Dr. Manning did a splendid work for you. (Applause.)

Now, this year, there is going to be a great celebration of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Mayflower, something which has appealed to the imagination of the American people and has largely influenced the world's life—that little ship of eighty tons with its hundred and one souls, half of the company dying from exposure the first winter, and buried

along Burial Hill, with the graves made even with the ground; that the Indians might not know how many had died; and they came away from Great Britain, partly through the fault of this,—of our Mother Church,— and I am glad that the year nineteen hundred and twenty is not coming— the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of that little company of people to influence our American civilization—without the old Mother Church, through its representative in this new land, standing in a position to say something more kindly and brotherly to the representatives of that original company (Applause); and so I rejoice at the attitude which this Church has taken through the action of the General Convention. I don't want to see this Church of ours crowded out into a corner by great religious movements which are in the world. I know what this Church stands for, and I believe that you and I never had reason to be more proud of it or to be more loyal and faithful to what this Church stands for in the religious world than to-day. (Applause.)

It was never so good a time to belong to this Church as it is to-day; never a larger opportunity to do great things for religion, to make as large a contribution to the religious life of our country as to-day; and so I would like to have you think about that in connection with the General Convention.

And now I will say no more about it, and I won't say much more any way, because I know I wasn't expected to speak even as long as this. I saw on the programme that I was to come later, and so I was going to get my watch out and time myself, and then I was called first and I didn't have time to do that (laughter); and I am not going to talk much longer, and you are getting off a great deal better than people do on the other side of the river. (Laughter).

I was out at Englewood a little while ago for a service, and my son came over with an automobile from Newark to take me home, and he found at the church door a man who was a chauffeur for another man. That man asked my son if he was my chauffeur and if I was a good man to work for (laughter). My son gave a good account of me. (Laughter.) As I went into the pulpit, that other man said to my son, "They say that 'gent' is good for forty-five minutes." (Laughter), so you see what might happen to you.

But I just want to say that I believe the spirit of that General Convention was fine. I believe there was a sense of unity and love of the Church, and a desire to bring it up against the new questions of the time, such as no Convention has had before. I am sure that there was no disposition to avoid facing the great questions of the time, and therein I do greatly rejoice.

Now I must not keep you any longer. Why shouldn't we all have this sense of unity? Why should we let these little questions that divide us take so much time and hold us back from doing the work which the Church is in the world for? (Applause). If we could only concentrate our efforts to fight the devil and not fight one another so much, it would be "a great game" (Laughter). It is not any time for a religious controversy, in emphasizing these minor questions upon which we differ. It is the time to keep close together, and make the best fight we can for righteousness and truth, and justice, and good religion; and that is the thought which ought to be in all of our minds.

And now I mustn't talk any more. (Laughter.) I have got to do what the woman in the story that I am going to tell you didn't have to do. It was in the Pennsylvania Station in lower Jersey City, and there was in the midst of the great room a man calling off the times at which the trains went out, and when he remarked, in a loud voice, in this way (imitating), "The next train for Newark at eliven fifty-five," you don't need to be told that he didn't sell old clothes in Chambers Street. (Laughter). And there came up to him a meek woman with a small boy, and she inquired the time the next train went to Newark, and he paid no attention to her and he said, "Eliven fifty-five!" And pretty soon, from another side of the room, there came up a meek woman with a little child, and she asked this man what time the next train went to Newark, and he replied again, without paying much attention to her, "Eliven fifty-five!"; and after this had occurred several times from different parts of the room, the train announcer became suspicious, and when this woman came up again to inquire what time the next train went to Newark, he rebuked her for taking so much time of so important a man. "Oh, sir," she said, I am not going to Newark, but 'Jamie' do so like to hear ye speak." (Laughter and applause.)

MR. HOBART:

We must heartily thank Bishop Lines for his good words and for the happy greeting he has given to our Bishop.

Last April we had completed our arrangements for a reception and dinner in these rooms to welcome the return of the Right Reverend Charles Henry Brent, and to express our appreciation of his work in the Philippines, and the great service he had rendered our Church and country as our Senior Chaplain in the American Expeditionary Force.

On the eve of that happily-looked-forward-to event Bishop Greer died and we were much too saddened to carry out our plans.

This evening Bishop Brent comes to us to join in our greeting to Bishop Burch, and you will please all rise to welcome the Bishop of Western New York.

SPEECH OF THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES H. BRENT, D.D., THE BISHOP OF WESTERN NEW YORK

Mr. President, Bishop Burch, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I count myself very fortunate in being with you to-night and sharing in this very happy occasion. Not only in my own behalf, but in behalf of the Diocese which I represent, I am glad to express to the Bishop of New York our joy in having him in his new Diocese, and also to tell him that we who belong to the State of New York are going to stand beside him, to aid him in any way that we can. (Applause.)

I am not a New Yorker by birth (Laughter), and I am not sorry (Laughter), because I am too proud of my Canadian birth to wish that I were born anywhere else than where I was born (Applause). I toddled into American citizenship in the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts—God bless it! (Laughter and applause), and then I learned a little wisdom, not much, but most of what I have got, out in the Far East; and now I have come back, and I find that I am becoming very rapidly a real citizen of New York State. (Applause.) I am very proud that

this should be so, and I am especially proud to-night, because I have had the great privilege of joining in the services this morning, sharing in the worship before God's altar, at your great Cathedral, and thinking not only of your present Bishop, but also of the two Bishops that preceded him, who, though they are dead, yet live in their works and in our hearts. (Applause.)

I know it is dangerous for an aged man like myself to indulge in reminiscences (Laughter); but I can't help recalling the day of my consecration, so solemn, so happy, so full of hope, and Bishop Potter was one of the Bishops who officiated on that occasion. At the close of the service I was receiving greetings from the various Bishops and clergy who were present, and Bishop Potter came up to me, with his serious and dignified face, and he laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "My Brother, I want to give you some advice." And I thought, "Now, how perfectly lovely! Here is this man, out of the wealth of his experience, going to give me some good advice as I start out in my episcopacy." He came very close to me and said, "When you go out to the Philippines, take a good bed with you, because those Philippine beds find out every bone in your body." (Laughter.) I have since experienced the Philippine beds. I didn't follow his advice; I was just a little bit shocked for the moment; and I have found that the Philippine beds were not as bad as he pictured them.

That was one bit of advice I had from the Bishop of New York; and then I think of some other advice which preceded that given me by Bishop Potter, by one who was not a Bishop at the time, but who afterwards succeeded Bishop Potter as Bishop of New York, my dear friend, Bishop Greer, than whom I have had no more loyal supporter. His house was always my home when I was in this country. It was just after the General Convention at San Francisco in 1901, and I was very doubtful what I should do. In fact, I had almost decided that I could not go to the Philippine Islands. I had seen another dear friend of mine who had almost convinced me that I ought not to go, but I thought, "Well, I will go and see Dr. Greer and get his judgment," and, in a few moments, he had put me in a position where it was impossible for me to do anything except to go; and the advice he gave me was, "Now, Brent, when you have made your decision, live in the top story of your decision." I have never forgotten his advice, and it has carried me over many, many a difficult experience. I can't help thinking of the kings that are dead, as to-night I say, Long live the king! (Applause).

I do not suppose that there is any man who has had a richer or a more wonderful experience, all unmerited, than I, during the years of the war. Among the great things that have occurred,I can't think of any greater than what I would call the *unity of understanding* that has been created among a large number of priests and ministers who served in the American Expeditionary Forces. You will note the term that I have used, *unity of understanding.* Our Chaplain's Corps, numbering about thirteen hundred all told, in France, was composed of representatives of almost every Church in the United States, including the Mormons, and, of course, the Jews, and when we first organized our office, we who had been appointed to take charge of the Chaplains,—I had at that time associated with me a Congregationalist and a Roman Catholic,—agreed that,

if we were going to accomplish anything with such a complex situation, we would have to live in a relationship where there would be no secrets, and where each one would trust the other absolutely, and we agreed on two principles that were to control all we did,—and I would say that those two principles were lived up to to the letter as long as this lasted and the office increased in numbers as the time went on: The first was that there were to be no official secrets; that every letter that came into the office was to be every man's property, and for a while, until our correspondence grew quite beyond our power, there was no important letter ever issued from that office that was not seen by every member in the office; that, of course, later on, became an impossibility, from the stress of work; and the other one was that no individual member of the office should look upon the affairs of the Church or the Churches with which he had special sympathy as his peculiar responsibility, but that he was to care for the Chaplains of all the Churches with equal considerateness, just as though they were his own; that we must learn to respect the religious convictions of others with the same degree of care and faithfulness with which we would respect our own. And those two principles controlled us throughout the course of our official life; and I would say that I cannot think, in my experience, of a more united or a more happy group than those of us who had the task of caring for the Chaplains of the Army.

I learned afterwards—I believe that I am correct in saying this—that the two principles which we stood for, Mr. Hoover also stood for in his office, with similar results.

And not only was this true in the life of the office, but the Chaplains themselves, in the different regiments, in the different divisions, in the different corps, and the different Armies related themselves together in such wise as to make life seem as though there were no great divisions in the Church; that there was such a thing as church unity, and men began to understand the other fellow's view-point in such a way that there grew up what I have called a *unity of understanding.*

Now I believe that is, that must be, the beginning of real organic church unity,—an understanding of the other man's position, so that we will never do an injustice, always be loyal to our own, but giving it such respect as to be able to see at once the things in the other man's position that are of a kind that will be of help to ourselves, and immediately a link is established where at one time there was only an antagonism. (Applause.)

And that spirit has run through the lives of probably all the Chaplains who served in the A. E. F. As I ponder over this question of unity and why this spirit was so prominent in our life in the Army, I have come to this conclusion: we were not struggling for unity, but we were all aiming at a common purpose and a common ideal, and unity was the result; and I believe to-day that the very moment all men aim their lives directly at Jesus Christ and the big principles which He enunciated by His example and His words, the Churches will flow together as the rivers flow together and empty themselves into the sea. (Applause.)

I have that not only as a hope, but at times it comes to me as a vision, that there can be no other possible solution of the question of Church unity.

When I was in France, I went to Lourdes, and I spent part of the morning that I was there with the saintly Bishop of Lourdes. We discussed the question of unity. Of course he could not see my standpoint, but he was full of sympathy and full of affection, and he said, "See if we cannot reach some common ground." He said, "Now there are three principles that I see as necessary in the Church of God: first, that we must will to do the will of God." I said, "Yes, we entirely agree on that." Then he said, "The second one is, that we must discover what God's will is, because God does not cover his will from men; He makes it known to man." I said, "Yes, I accept that as the second great principle." And he said, "Then the third one is, that when you have discovered God's will, you must perform it at all costs." I said, "I accept your three principles." And he said, "When that has really been achieved, then church unity will result." And I believe he spoke God's solemn truth.

I speak about church unity, because it is the passion of my life, and although I can perceive that any direct effort to achieve unity may defeat itself, I am sure that such movements as have taken shape in the General Convention that has just closed cannot fail to aid us in the direction that we are all desirous to move in.

This is not the moment in which to speak at length about life in the Army. Your great courtesy and your great hospitality extended to me, as your President has said, an opportunity to tell you something about experience in the Army, but this is not the occasion. I am just going to mention one or two things relative to the service, and I would say this about life in the army, that the things that didn't happen, but which you are told did happen, are a great deal more wonderful than the things which actually happened. (Laughter.) And a story comes to my mind that the Secretary of War told me a short time since. He said that he had just received a letter from a woman's society somewhere out in the West; I think it was Kansas; I am not sure. At any rate this woman's society said they had been asking returned soldiers to come and tell them their experience, and, among the number, they had asked an Indian, and the Indian had given them a most thrilling account of the battle line, and he had told them how the Indians resorted to their method of warfare and they scalped all the Germans that they killed, and he said that he himself had scalped one hundred and thirty Germans (Laughter), and the ladies asked him what he did with the scalps, and he said he had sent them to the Secretary of War (Laughter) and these good ladies had written to the Secretary of War to find out whether he had those scalps. (Laughter.)

That is one of the wonderful things that didn't occur in the war.

But the things that did occur, that seemed to me most notable, were in the line of simple, humble service, the kind of work that was done by scores of self-effacing men in the Red Cross and in the Young Men's Christian Association, and in the Knights of Columbus and in the Salvation Army; and when I come to speak of the women's work, why, it was just as fine as it could possibly be. (Applause.) Whatever criticism there may have been about the men's work, we are silent so far as the tongue of criticism goes, when we refer to the work of the women.

I remember, one night, when I was among the British, going into a hut that belonged to the "Tommies." It was in Rouen, and during a

pause in the entertainment that was going on, I gave the men who were gathered together there a greeting from the American Army, which was very warmly received, and the head of the hut came to me and greeted me very warmly as an old friend, and he introduced me to his wife and to his son, who were aiding him in running this house and giving the soldiers amusement, and then I found out that this man was one of the most famous living Semitic scholars, and a professor at Cambridge, England, and he had left his desk to go to Rouen and entertain and help to cheer the soldiers; and that sort of thing was going on all the time.

I thought of another eminent scholar from England,—and of course, these are illustrative of what the Americans did just as much as of what the English did—this man had lived for fifty years in his laboratory. Some of you know the name of Bateson, and he was induced to go to Rouen to give some lectures. He said, in semi-despair, "I, who have lived the life of a 'dry-as-dust scholar' cannot hope to interest the 'Tommies'," and his first lectures were such that, although the hall was full at the beginning, it was empty before he reached the end of the lecture, and he was quite in despair and said, "I told you I was no use"; but the head of the hut, a Y. M. C. A. man of unusual character named Callan, insisted that Professor Bateson could help these soldiers. He said, "Now I noticed to-night, in the course of your lecture, which would have been listened to with great interest by finished scholars, but, of course the 'Tommies' didn't understand. I noticed, in the course of your lecture you spoke about breeding pigeons and guinea pigs. "Now," he said, "you tell the men to-morrow night all about that side of your life." Well, he did, and the result was that he enlisted the interest of those who came to hear him, and had a very successful winter, and was coming back again the next winter.

But here is the thing: This man, through all his life, had not been able to find God. In his laboratory, through fifty years, he had been studying the secrets of Nature, and yet he had not found God; and, before he left, he turned to Mr. Callan and said, "I who have not been able to find God in my laboratory, have found God in my service of those 'Tommies.'" (Applause.)

And that has been true, I am sure, in the case of many of us who served in France. It was not that we did not know God before, but we had come to know God in a way now, through service, that there is a fresh responsibility on us, and which makes it impossible for us, in the days to come, to do anything but serve. It is out of this American nation—some of the miserable selfishness that was eating out the heart of the nation before the war (Applause)—and I believe that, among all the great lessons learned, whether we are in France doing work at the front, or whether here doing work behind the lines, which was just as important as the work we were doing in France,—among all the great lessons that we have learned, no greater lesson has been brought home to us than that service that costs, and costs much, is the only thing that will satisfy the craving of human life, and that we Americans now, with all the complex problems that are facing us, can only hope to solve those problems if we keep alive in our hearts and in our activities during the years to come that spirit of self-sacrifice that sent our young men to make

the supreme sacrifice and that enabled us to strip ourselves of our possessions and of our personal interests in order that we might give all our best for the benefit of the commonwealth. (Applause.)

Again let me thank you for allowing me to be present here this evening, and permit me to wish this great diocese of which you are members Godspeed in the name of the Lord, under the leadership of your new Bishop. (Applause).

MR. HOBART: We are all familiar with the great work that Archdeacon Stuck has done in Alaska. Perhaps in the pressing demands of the late war we have paid less attention than formerly to our own country, especially to the missionary districts among which none is more important than Alaska. I am confident that Bishop Burch in common with us all will be glad to have Archdeacon Stuck add to his own word of greeting to the Bishop of New York, some account of Alaska and of the great work that the Church is doing there,—The Archdeacon of the Yukon.

SPEECH OF THE VEN. HUDSON STUCK, ARCHDEACON OF THE YUKON

Mr. Chairman, Bishop Burch, and my Friends:

When I received this invitation, the invitation to attend this dinner and to make a speech, I was fully conscious, I think, of the great honor done me, but a little bewildered at it. There seemed at first something incongruous in intruding the subject of Alaskan missions into a dinner of welcome to the Bishop of New York; but upon reflection, while the honor was enhanced, I think the incongruity disappeared. New York has relations with all the ends of the earth, and just as the commercial interests of the metropolis stretch without interruption into the remotest regions, so do the interests of this metropolitan diocese.

We have been told again and again that the three great foes of the Church are parochialism, and diocesism, and provincialism. I will not say, in a choice phrase which I culled this morning from a book by a well known Presbyter of this diocese, the Rector of the Church of the Ascension, that it is our job to jettison these Jonahs (Laughter). But I think we all hail with delight any evidence that shows a tendency to look upon the Church as a whole and the work of the Church as a whole, throughout the whole world. And so I was comforted this morning at that great ceremony at the Cathedral, to find myself marshalled amongst the clergy of neighboring dioceses. (Laughter.)

It is of real concern to us in Alaska who is the Bishop of New York. It is of real concern to us in Alaska what is the disposition of the Church in New York. We have not forgotten that it was the generosity of a layman of this diocese that rendered possible the setting up of the missionary jurisdiction of Alaska, twenty-four years ago. We cherish the warmest feelings towards parish after parish in this great city: old Trinity, and Grace Church, and St. Thomas' and St. James' and St. Michael's, and the Incarnation—indeed, so widely are we indebted that it is almost invidious to mention any names, and in the name of the Bishop and clergy of Alaska, in the name of the white people and the

native people who are under our charge, I beg leave to add my modest words of welcome to your new Bishop,—my words of high respect and esteem and confidence. May God grant him health and strength, grace and wisdom and patience, high purpose and far-reaching vision to administer this so great a charge.

I am glad of the opportunity that has been so graciously given me this evening to speak a few words upon the Affairs of Alaska, the more that there presses upon us a present exigency in which your aid and your sympathy must be very valuable. I do not expect ladies and gentlemen here to share my deep feeling for the native people of that country amongst whom, for the most part, my work has lain for the last fifteen years. There are certain emotions that refuse transplantation,—aborigines of the heart that will not be naturalized in alien soil, as Charles Lamb said in one of his essays. Only a long residence and an intimate acquaintance can arouse the feeling of deep affection with which I regard these gentle, simple, trusting folk.

I am afraid that some of you would, at first sight, be at difficulty in any sort of approximation toward such feeling. I remember a gentleman tourist from New York who said in my hearing that he did not know what dirt was until he had seen an Alaskan Indian village, and yet, I learned later that he was himself the owner of tenement property in one of the worst slum districts of this city. (Laughter). I am afraid I must confess that they are dirty. It is a pretty hard matter to be clean in the Arctic region. I remember, before I went to Alaska, after Bishop Rowe had been describing one of his long journeys, saying to him, "What do you do about baths?" and he answered, grimly enough. "Do without." (Laughter).

And we are somewhat in the position of the Connecticut colonel who was expatiating upon his sufferings in Arizona through inability to get anything to drink, and some one said, "Why, was there no water at all?" And he said, "Water, sir! was that a time to be thinking about personal cleanliness (Laughter), when we were in danger of dying of thirst?" So, when a man has to melt snow or ice for every drop of water that he procures for eight or nine months in the year, why the considerations that the Connecticut colonel didn't think there was time for, don't press so very heavily upon us.

And yet there must spring up, I think, in any magnanimous breast a recognition of the claim of these Alaskan natives to kindly and generous consideration. In political status they are the wards of the nation, without voice or representation of their own, inarticulate, and since they have no votes and no voice, the nation is heedless of them. Ecclesiastically, for a thousand miles of the Yukon and more than fifteen hundred miles on the tributary streams, they are the wards of the Episcopal Church, knowing nothing of any other religious organizations (Applause); and since the Government has been heedless of them, it has fallen upon the Church to minister to their necessities in other than religious matters. We have given them much needed medical attention. We have built hospitals and sent doctors and nurses amongst them, though our efforts have been sore, let and hindered by the difficulty of securing suitable persons at the meagre stipend which the Church has been able to afford.

The neglect of the Government does not seem so much the fault of individuals as the fault of our cumbersome, unelastic, unresponsive system. I have lately read over the file of reports of Governors of Alaska for the thirty-five years that Alaska has had civil Government of any sort, and I can say, as Gibbons said when he closed the pages of Gregory of Tours, "I have painfully acquired by tedious perusal the right of pronouncing this unfavorable opinion." (Laughter). For Governor after Governor has pointed out the needs of the natives and pleaded that these needs be supplied, as, bursting with indignation, they have simply begged for doctors and hospitals. Thirty-five years ago the Governor of Alaska wrote the same thing that the Governor wrote last year, and I am of the opinion that, for any effect that has been produced, these reports might just as well have been solemnly sealed up in bottles and cast into the sea. I think they would have had just as much effect reposing in the bellies of sharks and whales as reposing in pigeon-holes in Washington. (Laughter). O. Henry said in one of his admirable stories that there are always two people who read Consular reports,—a clerk in the foreign office, and the compositor who sets them up in type. (Laughter). I think that is true of Governors' reports also.

And now, when in default of the Government, we have made some considerable progress in the prevention of preventable disease; when the death rate is falling; when, by the operation of that most beneficent law, certainly most beneficent in Alaska, entirely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor (applause), one of the greatest dangers to the race has been removed; when we who are concerned with the welfare of these people have taken new hope and new courage,—there has been set on foot, with Government permission, against our vigorous protest, an iniquitous enterprise which threatens the destruction of all the natives of the interior.

The main-stay of the people of the interior of Alaska is fish. All summer through the river banks are dotted with fish camps where nets and racks, or wheels revolved by the current, gather the salmon as they pursue their remarkable migration to the head-waters of the stream. I sometimes fancy that I can hear the voice of God calling to the waters, "Ho! Pacific, Ho! Behring Sea, send the fish that my people of the interior may be fed!" After a while the racks grow heavy with the red fish supply, hung up in the sun to dry; and that dried fish is the staple food of the whole population and of their indispensable dogs. All through the long winter, in some regions where game is plentiful, the fish diet is largely supplemented by meat. In others, where game is scarce, there is very little else than fish. But everywhere the stock of dried fish is the pledge against the precariousness of the case, and is the only food of the dogs.

Last summer as the Bishop and I pursued our way in the launch "Pelican" up and down the streams, visiting missions remote from one another, attached to fish camps, we found dejection in the faces of the people and dismay in their hearts. We found the fish racks empty, and we felt very strongly that many of them were threatened with starvation this coming winter. The explanation is that the United States Fish Commission has permitted the establishment of a commercial salmon cannery at the mouth of the Yukon, and that the fish which God sends up that river every summer to feed his Indians along this whole

immense length, and the still greater length of its tributaries, are intercepted and confiscated by this commercial company at the mouth.

The thing was begun tentatively last summer—summer before last—disguised—I think it has become a public duty not to say "camouflaged"—(Laughter)—disguised as a war measure; and I am not surprised to learn that, in other matters and other questions, the public need has been seized upon to glut private greed. Last November, the United States Fish Commission held a hearing in Seattle, when it was not possible for any one from the interior to be present; when the cannery people and the transportation people, and their lawyers and their special pleaders were all gathered, and Bishop Rowe alone stood representing the native people and pleading their cause. (Loud applause.) And at this hearing, the definite permission was given—I do not desire to indulge in violent language—I desire to live in soberness and righteousness all the days of my life—soberness and righteousness of speech, as well as of action—and yet when I think of the sacrifice of these native people to commercial greed, my indignation surges so strongly within me that I have to set close watch on my lips. To intercept their fish spelled starvation to many hundreds of them, just as surely as intercepting the trainloads of provisions coming to this city would spell starvation to the inhabitants here.

So I am come here to ask your aid to-night to fight this iniquitous thing, to dislodge those licensed robbers of the Indians,—to restore to a hardy, gentle and deserving folk the natural provision of food which alone renders life possible in the Arctic and sub-Arctic wilderness. (Applause.) I await with apprehension the word that shall come out of the North when trails are established and winter mails can move. I fear that I shall hear of much suffering and starvation. I expect to hear that dogs have died wholesale, and what the Indian will do when deprived of his dogs I do not know.

Now, here is a great to do, I can fancy I hear some of you say, about Indians and fish, and indeed I know not what answer to make. I feel much hesitation about intruding our Indians and their fish upon this distinguished company. Yet they are your fellow-Americans, and their fish is their staff of life. They are a generous and kindly people, and they do not understand injustice and meanness on the part of the great American Government. They gave to the Red Cross again and again. They gave to the Armenians. They gave to the Belgians. The native people at the Yukon are to-day supporting a French orphan. They gave generously of their poverty to every cause that has been presented to them. The first view of any native people, any primitive people, the first contact with them, makes their differences from ourselves stand out. A longer and closer acquaintance makes points of similarity stand out. And I am sure that Bishop Brent and any other who has had intercourse with primitive people will agree with me, that after a while the most prominent feeling that one has is of the substantial and fundamental identity of them; they are just people—God's children, for whom he sent his Blessed Son into the world to die, even as for you; that these Indian souls, by the great sacrament of His Body and Blood are looking forward with sure and certain hopes of a joyful resurrection, even as you; and to-night these people, without speaking mouths, speak to you at my mouth, to ask your voice and your influence

that they may not be disinherited of their chief means of subsistence. They who never asked alms of any one, who have been self-supporting and self-reliant, all down the long ages, since God planted them in that uncoveted land, ask the recognition and protection of their rights to the harvest of their own rivers, ask that the food be not taken out of the mouths of their wives and children to swell the profits of a commercial corporation. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Hobart: At the beginning of his Episcopate, Bishop Greer said to me, "I wish to come as close as possible to my laymen." The Church Club, representing the laymen of the diocese, takes this occasion to pledge to our Bishop, the Bishop of New York, both individually and collectively, our firm support. We wish him to feel that he can call upon us at any time that he may need our assistance. Mr. Stephen Baker, Vice-President of the Church Club of New York, speaking for the laity of the diocese, women as well as men, will now express to the Bishop our loyalty and good-will. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF MR. STEPHEN BAKER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH CLUB OF NEW YORK

Right Reverend Fathers, Presbyters, Laymen of the Diocese, Guests, Fellow-Members of the Church Club:

As one who is just back from the General Convention may well pause for a moment to consider how one should address those who have so faithfully and loyally supported all the work of the Church, but as the House of Deputies refrained from changing their present Constitution, providing that it should be composed of Presbyters and Laymen, I prefer to use that conservative, that more lovable term to all of us,—the Ladies. (Applause.)

We are all, or some of us, at least, fresh from our experience at the Convention in Detroit, and I would like to express one thing in addition to what Bishop Lines has said as to what occurred at that Convention, to convey to you who are here to-night the impression that, in spite of the rabid headlines in some of the newspapers, the discussions were carried on in brotherly love and friendship, and that all the acts that were taken there were done with a full sense that they were done for the benefit and good of all. Men who might in the beginning speak rather heatedly and loyally for those interests for which they stood, when the vote was taken and went against them, bowed to the majority. Your lay delegates at that Convention, I am happy to say, were in a very unanimous frame of mind. That possibly might be from the fact that three of them were lawyers and only one of them was a layman. (Laughter.) While those lawyers took a very active and interesting part in all the discussions and in all the recommendations of the Convention, it was the duty of the layman to sit still and register the vote of the diocese (laughter). I can recollect only on two occasions where possibly the vote was divided, two laymen voting in favor and two voting against. On one occasion—on the second occasion—the laity, at that particular moment, were represented only by the Chancellor of the New York Diocese and myself, and when I asked him how he voted and he

said "No" and I said "Aye," and I promptly said, "The Diocese of New York is divided," we immediately burst into laughter. (Laughter.)

I want to say just one word about that Convention, please, before I leave that. It was a rather remarkable gathering. It was composed of about sixty per cent. of men who had never attended a Convention of the Episcopal Church before. It was interesting to see how, in the first few days of the Convention, they were hardly settled in their places; they hardly sensed what they were there for; and, finally, when they did, they quickly adapted themselves to the circumstances. They were prompt to make up their minds, in their decision, and they acted intelligently on every matter and every subject which was brought up for their consideration.

There were, of course, some who were absent, many who were absent, and many who were missed. There were many who had formerly taken prominent parts in other Conventions who were not in this Convention, and one whom all who had been to former Conventions missed, whom all loved and respected; all spoke in the highest terms of his ability, of his courtesy, and of his loyalty to the Church, and that was Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson (Applause), the distinguished lay delegate from New York, who has been to so many Conventions. (Applause.)

I could probably go on, I won't say as far as Bishop Lines, with his forty-five minutes (laughter), but I know a little something about terminal facilities, and therefore will respect them. On behalf of the laity of New York, on behalf of the members of the Church Club, I want to pledge to you, Sir, who have to-day assumed the responsibility of the guidance of this great Diocese of New York, our loyal, our heartfelt co-operation with you in every measure which you may undertake, and which will seem best for the good of the Diocese. (Applause.)

MR. HOBART: And now it is our privilege and our great pleasure to listen to the Bishop of New York. (Applause.) (All rise.)

SPEECH OF THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES SUMNER BURCH, D.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK

Mr. President, Right Reverend Fathers in God, Ladies and Gentlemen:

There is only one word for me to speak to you to-night, and that is a word of deepest gratitude for the warm welcome that you have given me, for all that this day holds for me, for your pledges of loyal support.

This morning, after that most impressive service in the Cathedral, our honored brother, the Bishop of Texas, who, with Bishop Brent of Western New York, were my attending Bishops, said to me, "Well, we have started you out, and it is not going to be our fault if you don't make good." (Applause.)

My friends, you have started me out. It seems like a dream, this past six weeks,— and today since about four o'clock this morning, all like a dream; and I felt as if I rubbed my eyes I would come to the conclusion that it was a dream. But you have made me feel—it is your fault if you haven't done the honest thing—you have made me feel that you are at my side; you have made me feel that you are going to

give me your support—not simply that—your undivided support! Without it, I could do nothing; without it I would be as helpless as a ship without a rudder!

It is not with any meek humility that I say, as I said this morning, that I stand somewhat appalled at the no inconsiderable task, the tremendous task, that you have faced me with. You have called me; the good Bishop of Massachusetts, on his sick bed, or from his sick bed, wrote me a letter, the day after he learned of the election, and he said, "My brother, don't be disheartened; don't be discouraged; don't lose your nerve and your determination, for you have been called; you are a soldier under orders, and you have got to go straight forward with your duty!" (Applause.)

It helped me more than I can say, for I was dazed, and you have come to me, one by one and in groups, in your gatherings in my honor, as your chosen leader. You have come to me with fresh words almost every day, that pledged your loyal, your whole-hearted aid and assistance in whatever I shall attempt to undertake; and so I say it is going to be your fault, as well as mine, if we don't make good, you and I together; for, as we attempted to say this morning, we are to march shoulder to shoulder in a common cause for our common Lord.

I think we have great cause for joy, for hopefulness, and I am so glad to find that my brother, the Bishop of Newark, and the Bishop of Western New York, and Archdeacon Stuck, and Mr. Baker, and all of you joined with me in the ranks of optimists. We have got a good basis for our optimism to-day. Mr. Baker, Bishop Brent, Bishop Lines, have not begun to tell you the story of Detroit, because they did not feel that they had the right to take the time; but it is not only the most hopeful, it has been the most constructive; it has been the most wisely ordered Convention that this Church of ours has ever known; and we who approached it with trepidation left it with our hearts full of courage (applause); and that courage nerves us on to-day and to-night to fight the good fight, to go forward like a mighty army, as we sing in that martial hymn of ours, to further the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. (Applause.)

I cannot thank you sufficiently; words don't express it—for what you have done for me, for the courage that you have given me, for the pledges of support and loyalty and fealty; I go forward with you towards the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus, and I go forward because of this fact, that we go together, with hope, with confidence, with trust that we shall be able to, measurably at least, compass the great objectives that this Diocese, this great Diocese of New York must always keep before us.

We are proud of the fact that Alaska looks to us. We are proud of the fact that Wyoming looks to us, that Nevada, that Utah, that all of those Western and those frontier dioceses look to us; and we are happy when we have the sinews of war to give them to carry on their noble work. They are the martyrs. They are the ones whose hands we should support, and whose hands we can support, and we are going on, just as this Diocese has gone for all these years, to help every good work, in our missionary districts, in our frontier posts; and, let me add, here in this greatest missionary diocese in the wide, wide world, where we have gathered together more of the foreign elment that must be Americanized,

that must be Christianized, if we are to continue a Christian nation—more of that element than any other city in the world holds, than any other diocese in the world holds; and let me speak just a word, not, for a moment, to yield Alaska's claims, or Wyoming's claims, or any of the claims of these other dioceses,—just let me remind you that we have got a great missionary district here, ourselves. (Applause.)

One who has gone into every nook and corner of this diocese can but feel keenly the needs that we have of doing missionary work amongst our own, here at home, and we can afford to do it and continue to help Alaska and all these other great works in that so-called missionary field; but let me tell you—I see a good woman sitting over there who can tell you more than I can—let me tell you that up in our own Putnam County we have a mountain section, we have mountaineers, as they call them down South, that, until our missionary, our devoted missionary and his helpers went there, a few years ago, were just as degraded, just as irreligious, just as free from restraint as any section to which we contribute our dollars in the mountain regions of the South. I can tell you that over in West Orange and in Rockland, we have mining and mountain regions that are just as needy as those of North Carolina, or South Carolina, or Eastern Tennessee.

I could take you, just as Bishop Hulse of Cuba could take you, just as Archbishop Pott of New York could take you, I could take you to homes that have but one single opening for ventilation, for light, for air, and that, a door hung on leather hinges!

You don't know these things, some of you. Think of them, and when the Chairman of your Finance Committee comes into our Convention next time, I know that he will think of them. He has always been generous to us. Think of so many of these barren, dry fields, just as barren and dry as those fields of Samaria, on which our Lord and His disciples looked when he gave that wonderful teaching at the well of Samaria to that poor, degraded Samaritan woman! I say I hope that he, backed by you, will remember that here, in this great diocese of New York, we must take care of these foreigners that are alienated from their original religious anchorage, these foreigners who have become irreligious; and we must take care of all of these dry and barren sections out in the rural parts of the diocese.

And may I say just a word more than I said this morning about the Cathedral? I wanted to say a great deal about it. You may think that I am jumping a long distance when I go from some of those homes out in West Orange or in Eastern Putnam to that grand pile up on Cathedral Heights; but let me tell you that that is an ever enduring, ever increasing lesson to the people of this diocese; and as we go about the diocese and tell them about it, and ask them to come to their church and worship God there in the beauty of holiness, they respond so quickly, so eagerly, that I say to you, we want to complete that great structure which shall be an object lesson not simply to the people of the diocese of this Episcopal Church, but to all the people of this community. Thank God so many of the other religious bodies, Jews and Gentiles, were represented in that great service this morning. (Applause.)

It is a community work, it is a city work, it is a State work,—it is a National Church that we are building up there; and when we come to you, as we may come to you in a short time, to ask you to do what you can for

that great Cathedral, I know you are going to do it; I am sure you are going to do it. Your new Bishop is whole-heartedly committed to it, not by conversion, not because he has been argued into the position, but because, for nine years, he has seen the splendid results of the work up there. There is hardly a service there on Sunday, or on any of the special occasions, when there are accommodations for the people who wish to take part in those services. There is hardly a community interest or religious interest that comes before the people of this city, this community, this diocese, this State, this nation, that does not find its place and its opportunity there. Why should we not support it? Why should we not build it? Why should we not complete it just as soon as we possibly can? It will be one of the best investments that this Church has ever made, as every one of us will have a part, a share, in the glory, in the honor that shall come to us from helping to complete that Cathedral. (Applause.)

Before I close, once more—I would like to say a great many more things—once more let be thank you from the bottom of my heart for the support that you have promised me, and which I know you are going to give me, if, as the Bishop of Texas said this morning, I make good, and it will be my constant prayer, my constant, anxious striving, that I may, with you, make good, and help upbuild the Kingdom of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. (Applause.)

MR. HOBART: It is pleasant to add to the welcome of the diocese a greeting from outside, and I take great pleasure in presenting to the Bishop of New York from the New York Bible Society, this Bible. (Presents Bible.)

BISHOP BURCH: (Taking Bible) Thank you; thank you very much.

MR. HOBART: Before the Bishop gives us his blessing, I will ask the audience to rise and join in singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

(All rise and sing).

BENEDICTION BY BISHOP BURCH

The God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work, to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to Whom be Glory for ever and ever. Amen.

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